J. H. JOHNSON, Song Publisher, Stationer and Printer, No. 7 North Tenth St., 3 doors above Market, Philadelphia.

Mariner's Grave.

I remember the night was stormy and wet,
Cold and drearily dashed the dark wave,—
While the rain and the sleet, cold and heavily beat,
On the Mariner's new dug grave.

I remember 'twas down in a darksome dale,
And near to a dreary cave,
Where the wild winds wail round the wanderer pale,
In the Mariner's new dug grave.

I remember how slowly the bearers trod,
How sad was the look they gave,
As they rested their load near its last abode,
And gazed on the Mariner's grave.

I remember no sound did the silence break,
As the corpse to the earth they gave,
Save the night-bird's shriek, and the coffin's creak,
As it sank in the Mariner's grave.

I remember the tears that slowly slid,
Down the cheeks of the messmates so brave,
They fell on the lid, and soon were hid,
For closed was the Mariner's grave.

Now o'er his lone bed the briers creep,
And the wild flowers mournfully wave,
And the willows weep, and the moonbeams sleep,
On the Mariner's new dug grave.

J. H. JOHNSON,
CARD AND JOB PRINTER,
No. 7 NORTH TENTH STREET,
Three doors above Market, PHILADELPHIA.
CARDS, CIRCULARS, BILL-HEADS, HAND-BILLS, POSTERS, LABELS,—BALL, RAFFLE, EXCURSION AND PARTY TICKETS,—PROGRAMMES, LADIES' INVITATIONS, CHECKS, &c., neatly Printed, with accuracy and despatch.
☞25 per cent. less than any other Printer in the City.☜